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# SONNETS

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FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

BY  
FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN

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Nov 1

## MOONRISE

Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock

## THE GRAND CANYON

Painted by Elliott Daingerfield

## A COUNTRY ROAD

Painted by John H. Twachtman

## NOVEMBER WINDS

Painted by Norwood MacGilvary

## A MAY DAY

Painted by Lillian M. Genth

## MOONLIGHT

Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock



## THE GRAND CANYON

[Painted by Elliott Daingerfield]

Gleaming with glory in its setting grand  
The Canyon like a great fire-opal lies  
Burning with the bright beauty of the skies—  
A perfect jewel in the sunlit land.  
And here an artist with a magic hand  
Has made the vision of its wonder rise  
Like some mirage in heaven for our eyes  
To feast upon and try to understand.  
This world is but the mighty diadem  
God, as a crown, wears on his kingly brow,  
And this great opal, burning like the sun,  
What is it but that single perfect gem  
Outshining all earth's jewels, flashing now  
Among them, and of all the brightest one?



## A COUNTRY ROAD

[Painted by John H. Twachtman]

This road that takes us through a world so green

Is the old highway of the happy heart

We used to walk, that took us far apart

From the vain world to some such sylvan scene

Of country quiet, hidden in between

The hills of home. And what a touch of art

To paint it ending where the others start

That lead to ends so different, so mean!

These are the fields and this the summer sky

Of that glad earth where in the long ago

We lived our lives of innocence and joy,

Like the young gods of fabled days gone by

Whose happiness it was our lot to know,

Sweetheart, when first I loved you as a boy!





## NOVEMBER WINDS

[Painted by Norwood MacGilvary]

The leafless branches of the mighty trees —  
Those harps of God—each softly sways and sings ;  
Invisibly His fingers touch the strings  
And all the world is filled with memories.  
Haunting the music is, in minor keys,  
And sometimes with a sound as of the wings  
Of unseen birds, from heaven again it brings  
The summer back on the November breeze.  
Gray though the skies, the sun does not forget  
To temper with its warmth each touch of cold  
That passes ghost-like through the Autumn air.  
The empty fields are full of fragrance yet,  
The odour of that wondrous wine of gold  
That cheers the heart of him who lingers there !



## A MAY DAY

[Painted by Lillian M. Genth]

Forevermore adown this path of May

    The wood-nymphs with their garland of bright flowers

    Will dance throughout the happy sunlit hours

Of youth's unclouded and immortal day.

The world will change, the years will pass away,

    And they be joyous in these leafy bowers

    Where bird notes rain from heaven in sweet showers,—

Glad children in a garden still at play.

Time cannot take from us this Paradise

    Nor drive from it the spirits of our youth.

    Safe in the Eden of the long ago

They shall live on, our joy when all else dies,

    Unchanged and beautiful, to be in truth

    At last the greatest happiness we know.



## MOONLIGHT

[Painted by Ralph Albert Blakelock]

Queen of the air and mistress of the night,  
Out of the dark, the silvery moon doth rise—  
How like an angel to our wondering eyes,  
Her lovely face with heaven's glory bright ?  
See, there she walks transfigured in our sight  
Along the hidden pathways of the skies  
Even unto the gates of Paradise  
That open on God's gardens of delight !  
Trembling with beauty at her feet unfold  
The fleecy clouds, those fragile flowers of love  
Whose perfume fills the evening like a dream ;  
The very whisper of the wind doth hold  
A hint of music from the realms above—  
The echo of some grand immortal theme !



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